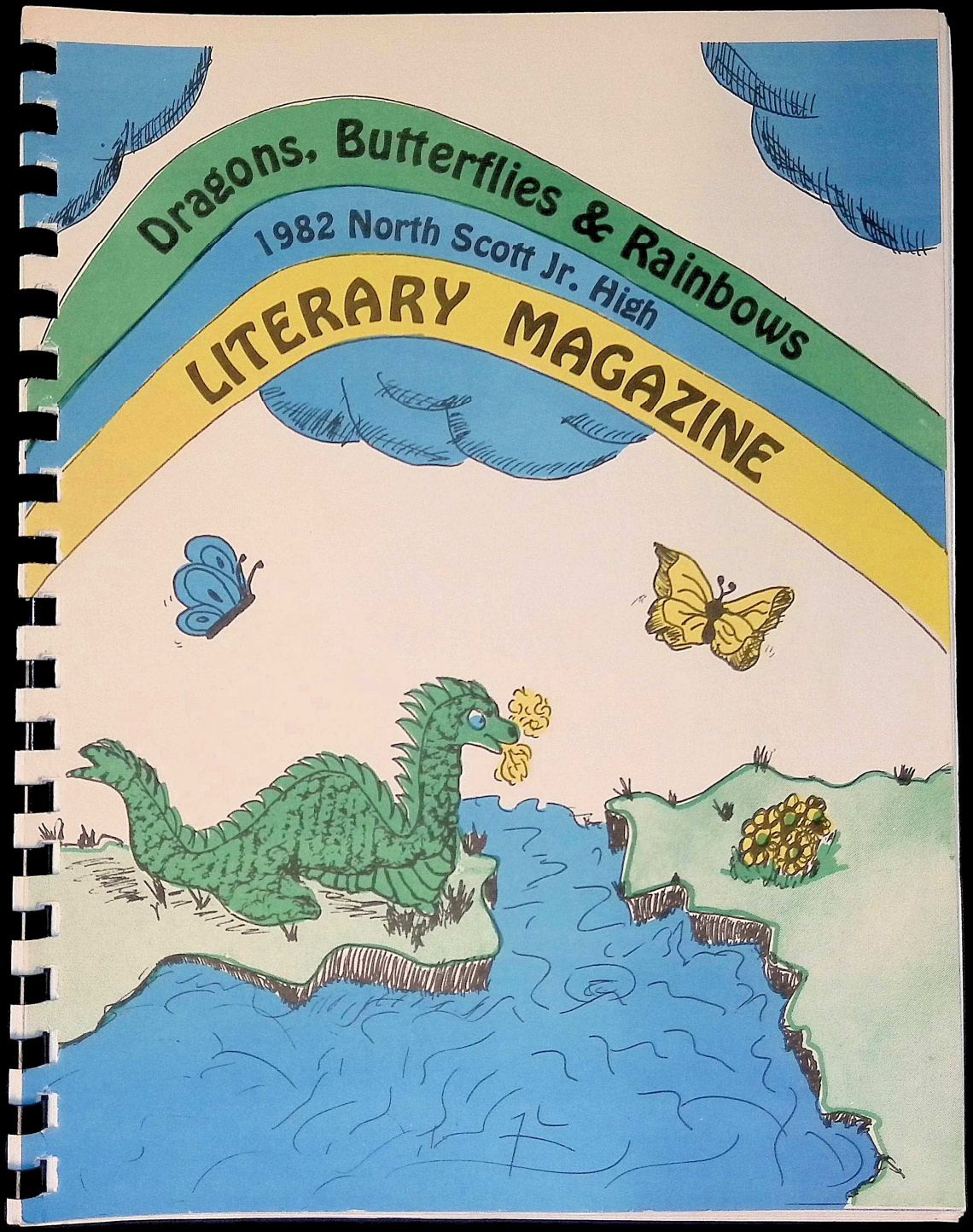
Dragons, Butterflies & Rainbows
1982 North Scott Jr. High
LITERARY MAGAZINE

The pieces of writing in this book were done by North Scott Junior High School students in response to "Challenge" social studies assignments, language arts assignments, and special writing activities in Poetry and Write Right mini-courses. Some of the latter were writing exercises that were purely experimental tasks which turned out well and in no way reflect the personal attitudes or behaviors of the authors.

We wish to extend a special thank you to Mrs. Karen Frieden, Language Arts Aide, for typing our final copy.

We hope you enjoy reading our work as much as we enjoyed writing and preparing it.

Mrs. Melva Lewis
Faculty Advisor

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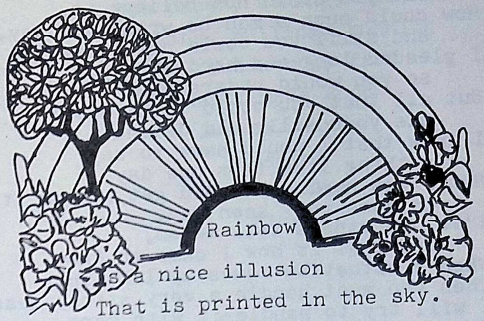

Is a nice illusion
That is printed in the sky.
Something like a picture
Someone drew.
It is like a person
When he is full of joy.

Todd Griffith

Fog

Dark, gray, coating the Earth.
Hiding the pretty blue sky
From the ever wondering world.
As the day goes on and on
You wonder,
Does anything try
To peak through.
Some people say the fog was made
To punish us.
If so, what did we do?

Kathy Olds

I TOLD YOU SO

I told you you were wrong one day,
but you could not believe it.
How could such a man be wrong you say,
and still you could not leave it.
I pleaded long and hard with you,
so you would understand.
But all that you could think about
was your silly old demand.
I knew that I would have to say
a thing like this one day
But I was hoping I could get around it
in some very keen way.
I've had others tell me so,
and that is how I came to know
When a situation comes up like this
Then you must handle a very sticky mess.
I will try to handle it with care
Though I see no reason why I should
Because I don't think you would,
if you were in my place
All I have to say to you
about the deal you made
Is...
I Told You So

Lori Hoepner

Your Love

Your love I
know it's there...
Somewhere I
hold it in my
heart and you
hold mine.
But never will
I let it go.
Although you
let mine.

Cheri McNealey

My Love

My love for you
is strong.
I carry it everywhere
I go.
It follows me
like my shadow.
It will never
let me go.

Cheri McNealey

Kite,
Flying high
Up in the sky
Waving, flowing, jumping
Crepe paper, string, ribbons
Tugging, pulling, running
Out of control, free
Neat, made good
Breeze, wind
Sunshine
Cool weather
Kite
l
o
n
g
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t
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i
n
g

Susan Trumbull

The Winter

In the winter
The snow comes down
By and by
It's a slow, heartaching scene
To see the leaves go to sleep
And then the trees turn all white
Instead of green - what a fright.
To see the roses turn all brown
On my face comes a frown.
But most of all
What is so sad
Is to see my sand,
Box, pail, and all
Be put away,
It makes me mad.

Lisa Wiese

Homework

Homework is quite fun at times
Though it's really hard,
It teaches you responsibility &
You're learning more and more.

Sometimes I get alot done
Sometimes I don't even start,
I try to get it done in study hall,
But that's no fun at all.

Susan Trumbull

Snow falling gently,
Ceasing only to remake the
delicate patterns of nature.
Soon, the beautiful scene is
turning into a nightmare of white.
Forcing us to stay indoors,
Winds howling like a mighty evil king,
Who has locked us in his dungeon,
Laughing as he defeated us,
Once again.

Kathy Olds

Clouds

Clouds gliding softly,
Through the sky.
When you look up
They seem to be lying
On a clear glass plate.
They play images with you.
Making soft shapes out of
White fluffy fog.
Just resting on a hill.
Look up to see them.
See what they make.
See them floating along.

Kathy Olds

I see some people tiny,
against the diamond mine,
following unknown footsteps
across the winds of time.

They know not where they're going,
away from their own youth
Not only down an avalanche,
but down into the truth.

The sun is slowly setting,
in the dawn of their lives.
The shadows fall around them,
to conceal the mountain's sigh.

The mountain can't protect them
No longer is he tall.
The world is taking over,
And making him look small.

Sara Stephens

I saw him looking my way,
Thought it was my lucky day
His hair is brown his eyes are too
His braces make him look good too.

Even though he is a flirt,
He always seems to be alert
When ever I walk by.
I think that he's my kind of guy.

Sarah Ohsann

As I lay on the hill looking up at the sky,
Daydreaming of my life the way I want it.
No one hears or thinks what I do.
I'm in a world all my own.

Kathy Olds

The cat sat
On a mat
Which became flat
Along with the rat.

Lisa Wiese

The Rose

Its color is red, its beauty great.
It has a short life and a terrible fate.
It holds its beauty for only a day,
Then it starts to wither away.

Nichole VonEsh

A PRAYER FOR HELP

Lord,

Give me strength to make it. I don't smoke, or drink, and I don't want to. But a friend of mine introduced me to some of her friends and now they want me to smoke with them. I told them I don't smoke or drink, but they still want me to do it. I know how I feel about drugs, drinking and people telling me what to do, but I also know how I feel about my friend, and the guys I met. It's so hard to choose. I don't want to hurt myself or lose them as friends, because I really do like them. I don't want to do something now, that I'm going to regret later. I know I have trouble with decisions, because I always do the wrong thing.

Lord,

Help me choose the right choice or guide me in the right direction.

Carrie Schuerch

FEAR

Have you ever been afraid?
How about terribly scared?
Have you ever been blamed
for things you don't do?
Have you ever?

Have you ever been cornered
by someone three years older
than yourself?
How about five? Ten years?
How about twenty years?

Have you ever been chased
through the house as
fast and long as you could?
Then trapped in a room with him
alone.
Have you?

Have you ever been so scared
your heart slows down
because it can't go any faster?
And your mouth gets as dry
as the Sahara desert?
And your legs begin to shake
and you fall and pass out?
Have you ever?

If you have,
You and I both know
It's a long life.

Terri Weatherwax

THE SUNSET

Pink and orange across the sky
in long stretches
A single firey ball
just half way showing
with an expression of sorrow
sad to see the night come
in fear of the crawling cars as
they creep over the horizon
making the noises of prehistoric animals
as thy whip by
going in opposite directions
growling at each other
like cats and dogs
The sun wishing to close the door behind him
to avoid the thunder above
finally crawls over the other side
and lights the sleeping world

MY SISTER

My sister is probably like a lot of other sisters,
But to me she's different than yours or his.
To me she's a companion when I need her,
A friend when all I have left are enemies.
She's a bothering pest when I least expect it,
She's an enemy when I've too many friends,
She's my up when I'm down,
She's my shelter from a storm of heartaches,
But most of all, and most important,
She's my sister.

DAISIES

It's just like a dream
The orange atmosphere
From the setting sun
Spreads over the world
In a heart warming glow
A fresh gentle breeze
Blows through the wide field
Of daisies
And overgrown snake grass
Blowing the daisies to a slight bent angle
And all my memories of this fade
As I take the train
Away from home.

Terri Weatherwax

Trail of Tears

Hunting Fox walked in front of his family's last pony and put his bearskin-wrapped hand over the horses nostrils to melt the ice. Ice caked around the horse's nose where his breath froze causing him to be unable to breathe. The pony snorted and Hunting Fox walked back to the small cart which contained his mother, sister, and a few belongings.

His mother looked up at him with sad brown eyes. She was a strong woman with wrinkles on her forehead telling of past tragedys. She was 41 and had 4 children: Black Arrow, a warrior killed in a tribal skirmish a year before; Summer Sun, a beautiful squaw who married a fur trapper and was now somewhere up north; Hunting Fox, her youngest son who just turned 11; and last of all Spring Blossom, a pretty little girl who was just like her mother. The father was the medicine man of the tribe. His name was Silent Thunder. He was rather short, but powerfully built. His face was brown and wrinkled with a nose protruding that looked like it had been broken a couple of times. He was riding up ahead of his family.

Hunting Fox hoisted himself up on the side of the cart to get a better look.

Spring Blossom was slowly dying of smallpox at the ripe old age of 6. She was tossing and turning in the bearskin blankets piled on top of her small, thin body. Her fever was high this morning. Beads of sweat were on her forehead in sub-zero weather. But never once did she complain.

Hunting Fox was proud of her, and his mother, who never cried for her daughter but whispered prayers to the great spirit for the tiny girl's life.

Hunting Fox jumped down and clenched his fists. He knew who caused all this suffering. (He had eavesdropped on a meeting of the elders.) The white man. He had taken their land and was sending them to another, that would probably soon be taken again.

Hunting Fox looked up as a woman with a baby plodded by. The woman looked weak and sickly and the baby made no sound. She toppled over sideways. Hunting Fox hurried to help her up, but as soon as he took her arm he knew she was dead. The woman's husband ran over to find his wife. He found her lying in the road with a young boy bent over her. He gave Hunting Fox a curt nod and carried his wife and child off for a quick burial.

Hunting Fox stood up, took a good look at what was happening to his once proud people. Men and women were walking, riding, pulling, and pushing, and crawling along the trail. Bony dogs with scraggly coats and oozing sores along their backs following their masters blindly. Half-starved ponies with their heads bent, weakly pulling rickety carts. Children crying, dogs whimpering, and groans of the dying filled the air. People and animals all wandering nowhere in a desolate nothingness.

He looked with sadness towards the cart and saw his mother crawl down and walk slowly towards his father. Immediately he knew what happened and ran to the cart. It took a lot of effort to look in at what he knew was there. Spring Blossom lay in the blankets with her eyes closed in eternal sleep. Grief tore at his insides. But she looked so peaceful and serene that in a way he was glad for his beloved little sister. Glad that she would not have to face what ever was ahead.

Silent Thunder came back with his wife and started chanting prayers over his daughter's body. Tomorrow they would build a funeral pyre. One that would be fitting for the child of a medicine man.

Erin Adamski

The House on Cherry Lane

One day, it was in the fall, a cold musty windy day, you know the kind. My sister and I went out to the old country houses exploring. About the fifth house we went to was a very old house, it looked odd and spooky on the outside, we opened the door. Inside it was totally different. There wasn't a speck of dust, there was all new carpet, and fancy furniture. We almost thought someone lived there, but yet there was this strange empty hollowness.

The room was extravagently decorated, there were large velvet curtains that hung from the ceiling to the floor, a big open staircase with a polished banister that looked like it would be excellent for sliding down, but you could never do it in this house! There was a dining table with tall cane back chairs, it was set for two people, in very fine china. There weren't any light fixtures, just candles. I absentmindedly picked up an elegant candlestick, and as we continued through the house I fingered the wax tapers nervously.

We walked into the kitchen, there was the strange smell of cookies baking, almost like chocolate chip. Still there was a strange feeling that we were alone, in a different time. We went upstairs. The first door was locked. The door across the hall was open. We slowly walked in, it was sparingly furnished, a bed, a dresser, and a chair. The last room was a library, believe me I remember it well, it had a tall-backed swivel chair, in front of the fireplace (which was going). At this time I was ready to start running but my sister was holding my hand too tight for me to move. Suddenly the chair turned around. A very old lady in a long navy blue, or was it black dress, screamed at us, "Get out of my house!" My sister and I ran down the stairs and out of the door. We had run half way into town when I realized to my horror that I still held the candlestick in my hand. It was getting dark now, we couldn't go back.

About a week later I finally got up the nerve to go back. My sister wouldn't go with me. I had to return that candlestick, it must be valuable. But I just couldn't face that old lady.

I walked up to the door and knocked.
Nobody came.
I knocked again.
Still no one came, I opened the door,

The room was transformed. Dust and cobwebs covered everything. The once red curtains were covered with must, the staircase was fallen in. All I could think about was putting that candlestick back and getting out of there. I tiptoed over, set the candlestick back on the mantle, and tiptoed back to the door.

Somehow I felt compelled to look back just one more time. I turned, I gasped, what had once been a long beautiful candlestick, was only a stub of wax and a tarnished silver holder.

Sara Stephens

Swansea Tragedy

I remember when I was a young girl, back when the colony of Massachusetts had gotten on it feet, most of us were afraid of the Indians attacking. Chief Phillip, chief of the Wampanoag Indians, hated all of us white people. He was planning to kill all of the white people because that was the only way he said the Indians could live. I was only about 15 at the time, and I'll remember this event as long as I live.

It was the summer of 1675 in June. The sky was a beautiful blue and you could hear all of the birds singing. We lived in a large clearing of land about 7 miles from Swansea, Massachusetts. Father usually made a trip to town every two weeks to get supplies or bring in stuff we had made to trade. Today was the day he usually went. He was hitching up the mare, Cinnamon. All of my brothers were in the large garden. They had started to pick some of the ripe vegetables so Father could take them to town with him. My sisters were in the house. They were cleaning it upstairs. My little sister was attempting to churn butter, like my older sister taught her. Mother and I were washing clothes outside. Our water was getting quite dirty. Mother told me to get some more water. Since we didn't have a well, that meant I had to walk the 1/4 mile to the stream and back. I had always dreaded the walk, but I did enjoy listening to the noises of the forest. From the forest, you couldn't see the house until you were a couple feet form the clearing. As I left the creek, I had a feeling something was wrong. All of the birds had stopped singing and a deadly silence filled the forest. Cold chills ran up my spine as I walked back.

I was about fifty yards away from our house when I heard a scream and then I heard Indians whooping. I became confused and started running towards the house. Suddenly I stopped. I realized the thing I should do was hide. I hid under a large clump of bushes. From there, I could see the house and the Indians. The scream I heard had come from within the house. The Indians started to drag out my sisters. To my horror, they scalped them, right in front of our house. Tears filled my eyes as I saw my dead sisters laying there. I looked towards the barn and saw my fathers crumpled body laying near the hitched wagon. I wanted to jump up and yell to those Indians to stop it. But common sense told me it would cost my own life and not stop the Indians. I thought the worst had happened, when suddenly I saw the Indians drag out my mother. They brought her only a couple of yards from where I lay hidden. Then, they killed her too. I knew the worst had happened when I saw her lifeless form laying dead only yards away. Then they started the house on fire. The Indians took all of our livestock. I could hear the cries of my brothers being killed and the arid scent of smoke filled my nostrils, but I kept staring at my mother. I shrank back as the flames leaped higher, hoping the Indians wouldn't see me by the light the flames cast. The Indians were raiding our garden, but every once in awhile they would come and sink their tommyhawk into my Mother's skull. I started to weep silently.

I must have fallen asleep because when I awoke, it was nightfall and the Indians were gone. My family still lay there, dead. The house was gone and all that remained was the charred chimney, standing like a gravestone over the house. I decided I should go to town, or away from here, to live with some people I knew. As I passed the garden, I saw my dead brothers laying among the cornstalks, a peaceful look on what remained of their marred faces.

It was a long walk to town. I passed chimneys of houses I knew. Dead ghosts of people I remembered now lived on the once lively land. There must have been hundreds of Indians out massacring people. In the distance I saw the soft red glow of a house burning. As I walked along the old, dirt road, not a bird sang, no trees blew in the wind. Nothing, not a sound. Sometimes, in the dead of the night, I could hear the screams of my mother again. In every corner of my mind I could hear her. Her screams filled my mind until I thought My head would explode. I stopped and calmed myself. I was breathing hard. The memory suddenly disappeared. After I caught my breath, I started on my way agein. Slowly the memory creeped back into my mind.

By dawn, I made it to town. No rest, no food, no water. I was exhausted. I usually enjoyed the sunrise, now I hated it. I came to the Hentleys' house. They accepted me into their household. I reaccounted my story to them. Mrs. Hentley started to cry. I went and hugged her. The next weeks were terrible. Everyone knew of the Indian massacres around town. Many times, white folks would go and massacre the Indian's villages.

Two months later the Hentleys and I moved to Massachussets Bay where it was safer. The Indians were coming too close. From travelers from Swansea we heard that in August, 1676, New England troops captured the Narra Ganset Indians and killed Chief Phillip. The fighting still went on for 2 years. Finally, in 1678, the troops defeated the Indians. By then, they had killed 1000 colonists and completely destroyed 12 towns. Later this war was called King Phillip's War.

I lived with the Hentleys until I got married. They were always like 2nd parents to me. They helped me to forget the pain and sorrow of my families' death, but the memory still haunts me.

Sue Stapleton

My Grandpa

My hero is my grandpa. My grandfather was very, very special to me. I thought so much of him because of the way he was, the things he did and the way he filled his roll as a grandfather.

He used to let me spend the night whenever I wanted to. He would let me go with him where ever he went that day.

One thing out of a million that I liked about him was that he would sit down and talk to me like I was something special.

He always seemed to want to do the things I wanted to even though I could tell that he didn't feel like it.

He used to walk down by the creek with me and talk and show me animal tracks of all kinds. He still did all of this stuff while his knees and feet hurt from arthritis, but he wouldn't show the pain.

He was very special to me. He was like a little kid's imaginary friend, he was always there when you needed him. When I had to do the work around the farm in the evening, he would walk out the door and say, "Come on, Doug, if you're coming, we're going hunting." I'd look at my mom, smile, and help load dogs. He got me out of alot of work and got my lazy brothers into it.

Sometimes I think he'd be listening out the window waiting for me to tell me to do my work. I sure didn't mind. He was the kind of guy who was there at all times.

He taught me so much stuff its hard to remember. Stuff that I liked, like how to fix guns, hunt, trap, make sling shots, and how to skin animals and stuff like that. It was fun stuff that I like.

My grandpa and I had alot of fun. Some of the most fun we had was sitting on a sandy beach back in the Wapsi bottoms listening to our coon hounds deep voices echo through the timber. He loved dogs. We had loads of fun with them.

We went to hunting dog field trials and raced our dogs, bet on them, and sometimes, if we won enough money betting, bought others. We did alot of stuff together. We had alot of fun.

My grandpa was very special to me. He meant alot to me because of the way he was.

Doug Lamont

My plane went down and I just woke up. I must have gotten knocked out. My head is bloody. I've gotta get out of this plane. I struggle but finally free myself and feel for a pulse. There is none on my co-pilot. I'm lost somewhere in a jungle all alone. I must have cut my leg somehow so I find a stick and rip up my shirt to put on a splint and grab my canteen, knife, and trusty 22 caliber (just in case). All of those sounds. Clicks, screeches, howls, crunches, snaps, pops, and every other noise imaginable, what could they be? I get the feeling that I'm being watched. I act calm and turn suddenly around ready to shoot whatever horrible thing jumps out of the darkness. Bang! Oh, dear God, I nearly shot a poor little spider monkey. It's just a baby and must have lost its family. I'll take him with me. I let him ride on my shoulders and call him Chi Chi.

I must keep moving even though my leg is throbbing because I have to make it back to civilization in time to make it to the ceremony in order to receive my Nobel Peace Prize. Hold it! I hear something. Can it be? Yes, it is! Native drums, I hear native drums. I moved as quickly as possible (considering my bad leg) towards the drums.

I come to a pond of clean, clear water. I must have some so I stop, but I keep my ears listening to the drums. The tiny pond is surrounded by rocks and a patch of sunlight shines down upon, unlike the dark, eerie jungle where who knows what is waiting for me. A noise caused me to spring around and a skull of some person falls down from the rocks and splashes in the water. I scream unknowingly and break into the damp chilly forest. I trip on some type of vine and find myself lying flat on the ground staring into the eyes of a deadly snake! I slowly reach for my gun, ready to blast that snake, when I hear,

"Heather what are you doing down in the basement? Aren't you a little old for pretend games? Come wash for dinner, dear."

"Okay, Mom," I say as I dash up the stairs excitedly because we're having "jungle salad", my favorite dish.

Heather Haycraft

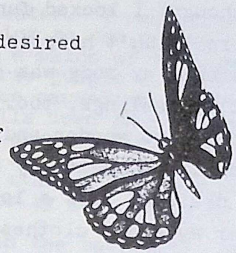
GROWING UP

The feeling inside was sorta funny.
It felt as though someone was inside of me,
Pushing and pulling, twisting and tugging.
It was starting to show.
I was taller and quicker,
Happy to be me,
Developing and changing as much as I could see.
I thought I looked funny with pimples on my face
(Which didn't help in my case.)
Not only my body was changing,
But my feelings, too.
I began to wonder and stare at guys
And like to paint my eyes,
To dress and look a lot like my friends,
Wear my mom's clothes when she would lend.
Talking to guys was easy to do.
With all these thoughts, I'd never be blue.
I think I'm going to like being grown up,
Don't you?

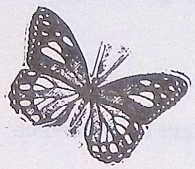
Carrie Schuerch

Wishes

an idea comes to life
like a butterfly on a leaf
it takes time to develop
and make its wings strong
soon, it becomes a wish
it flys on the wings of hope
it alights on flowers
and sees many things
but soon it grows weak
the wish is no longer desired
it dies
but what!
look closer on the leaf
there is an egg
the possibility



Erin Adamski



Fog

Whitish gray
Expanded over a lot of area
Can't see through it
Misty feeling
Light colored
Dingy like when you slide into home plate.

Todd Griffith

SUPERNATURAL

Supernatural is really wierd
It could be an alien with a beard
Or it could be someone very odd
But I don't think it would be God
It could also be someone very strange
That lives in the city, country, or range
It could be something very mean
Or it could be something very green
It might have one great big eye
And it might not ever, ever, die
It might also have one great big horn
That it got right after it was born
It could be something very large
It might not even fit on a barge
It might have the head of a snake
Then again - it could be a fake
And now I'll make this creature die
Just by saying... Good-Bye!

Vince Salas

My Life Story

It all started at the factory. I was made into a thin, transparent sheet of plastic, and into a roll. Then into a box with my name on it.

From the factory to the supermarket we sped. Once in the supermarket I was violently stamped with a sticky tag. My number - $2.29.

After a long while I was picked up and dropped into a cart. In the cart I was squished by cans, cereals, and a case of COORS. After some time, I realized the boxes and cans were being lifted off me. Suddenly I was picked up, put down, and put into a bag. It all happened so fast it took a while to get my brains together. I really don't know what happened next, but the next thing I remembered my box was being opened and I was being peeled off of my roll. From there, I was stuck on a freezing cube. Then I was transported to a warm room. Suddenly, the heat in the room leaped several degrees. The cube started melting and finally boiled. The heat was tremendous. But I never melted or ruptured.

That's how I went from one extreme to another and became a movie star.

By Sara N. Wrap

(Jolene Kluever)

The Case of the Sugared Flakes

"Hurry, Lorne, we'll be late."

"I'm coming, Carol!" exclaimed Lorne Franklin, self-made millionare, "The sun seems very bright today. Doesn't it?"

"Ah Lorne, you're such a baby. Come on!"

"I...I...aaah"

His wife, Carol Franklin rushed to his side as he collapsed, "What is it?"

"My...my eyes! Aaah!" With that Mr. Franklin took his last breath.

"Ah, my God, no!" cried Mrs. Franklin.

Later that day Mrs. Franklin was talking to Inspector Adder...

"Mrs. Franklin, could you tell me how Mr. Franklin was acting today?" inquired Inspector Adder.

"No! No...no. I'm sorry. I guess I'm still shook up from this whole mess."

"Then what about...your breakfast this morning?"

Mrs. Franklin took a minute to calm herself and then replied.

"Ah, let me see. Uh, we had some corn flakes because we were in a rush. I...I remember Lorne put his usual two tons of sugar on it. I've told him time and time again not to use so much!" replied Mrs. Franklin.

"Did your husband have any enemies?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Mrs. Franklin, how exactly did your husband acquire his wealth?" asked Inspector Adder.

"You know, come to think of it, I have no idea," said Mrs. Franklin, "When I married him, he already had all this money."

"Thank you much, Mrs. Franklin. If we need you again, we'll call."

Back at the Police station, Inspector Adder conferred his information to Police Chief, Maxwell Tucker.

"Tucker, this is a perplexing case. We've got a millionaire who likes sugar for a lead. Ho boy," griped Adder.

"Alright, Adder. From what you told me, Franklin's wife didn't know how he got his riches. It could be possible he got it on the other side of the law." Chief Tucker said to Adder.

"Yea, I thought of that. We got a guy waiting in my office who says he's got information on Franklin. You want to join in, I take it?" questioned Adder.

"Sure, why not."

In Inspector Adder's office...

"I...kept this to myself all of my life because Lorne could've had me killed. He kind of had connections, you know.

He and Martin Krandall were good buddies, you know, at one time. They cased a stock brokers mansion for two weeks until that night ten years ago when they blew the lid off of that place. Everything was going perfect until that fink grabbed around twenty shares of bearer certificates, you know, pay to the holder. In other words, finders keepers loosers weepers. He ended up with ten million dollars and his partner ended up with nine years in the pen. Krandall vowed revenge, and it looks like he got it!" explained Jim Carab.

"How do you know this?" inquired Chief Tucker.

"Franklin had to get it off his chest. He told me, though, if I told anyone, I wouldn't see tomorrow!"

"Thank you very much Mr. Carab," said Adder, "You can go."

Inspector Adder and Chief Tucker watched Mr. Carab leave the building from their open window on the seventh floor. When Carab had walked to the center of the street, gunshots were heard and in the next instant, Carab was beheaded and lying on the pavement in a puddle of blood.

Later that day...

"Tucker, your killer is now behind bars," cried Adder triumphantly.

"How?" questioned Chief Tucker.

"Simple. We knew who did it from Mr. Carab, and Carab wasn't blown away until he was in the middle of the street, right?"

"Right," answered Chief Tucker.

"So I figured the killer must be in the hotel next door and couldn't see him until he got out that far. So I talked to the clerk and found Krandall's room. Krandall wasn't there at the time so I hid in his closet. When he came back, I nabbed him," explained Adder.

"But what killed him?" asked Tucker.

"The coroner's report said it was the drug, Atropine."

"What in the heck is that?"

Adder answered, "Atropine is a white granule type drug, that looks quite like sugar."

"I get it. Mr. Franklin put sugar on his corn flakes that was mostly atropine. Overdose victim." said Tucker.

"Yes. The atropine dialated his eyes and made it hard to see as well as killing him," replied Adder.

"Well Adder, looks like case closed."

Mike Booth

RHYTHM

All poems don't rhyme
They don't need to all the time,
Poems are just a passage to brighten
up your life.
They bring you messages of love,
kindness or happiness.

They cheer you up when you're down
& bring your life up the stairs.

Some poems don't have kindness or
happiness in them,
They're real nasty & cruel,
but funny, they are.
Nothing makes you happier or more
cheerful, than a poem.

Susan Trumbull

PAC MAN

I played Pac Man today,
I just learned how to do it
I'm not that good, I'd say
I didn't even get through it.
The red one ate me first
I knew I wouldn't last
Pinky ate me next
I hated him for that
The yellow one is chasing me
My time is running out
You know it's awful hard,
To follow this crazy route
I bet I've spent five dollars
Playing this stupid game
All my men are gone
I'll never play again

Lori Hoepner

The poems that appear on the next five pages were done as a mini-course writing assignment. Students were asked to write their telephone numbers, complete with area code, one number to a line on a sheet of notebook paper. Next to each number they were to write one letter of their name--first name or initial first--until they had ten letters on the paper.

The numbers were the number of syllables that could be used in the line of the poem. The letter on each line had to be used to begin the line of the poem.(A zero was a wild card and any number of syllables could be written.)

The results surprised all of the people in the class, especially the teacher. We think you will enjoy reading them.

The
Wonderful
Stiff
Retiring on the counterfeit couch
Chanting
"Ya zazuzuzuza ya, yelp!"
Nobody wanted
Old dead people
Leaving their children alone
Death is lovely,
Swampscum!

* * * *

Catch that ball.
Hey,
Right over your head is a baseball
It is
Sailing over that person right
There. Tag the base
I will, yelled the ball player.
No.
Empty head, the other base you
Pig

* * * *

My dog died
In
Church yesterday while trying to sing
He croaked
Curly was her name, but she died
Look at that dead dog!
Leanard Sqignosky said to me
Even
Curly did not say a word
Ruf ruf is what she used to say

Winnie the Pooh & Friends

Doo Lee U
Ahh
Winnie-the-Pooh, and Piglet too
Now this
Crazy song, will end with Eyore
Rabbit too, and Roo
And of course kanga, hop, hop, hop
For now
Till tomorrow- Good-bye
Silly old bear
* * * *
Goodness me!
Eight
Really overweight, old, grey haired men.
Induced
Undescribable, crude, gross things
And they made passes!
Non-suspecting grey haired ladies.
Rude
Yet they fought back and decked the men
So that is the end
* * * *
Chris is home
At
Rick's and Tim's hot apartment building.
Ready to
Invite
Eric,
Lee, Trudy, Carrie, Tim and Mike
Yelling over Rick's guitar
Not
(K)nowing what will happen?

Jack had a
Great
Round log that he used for firewood
On burning
Nice old gramma in the stove with
Every piece of
Wood that he had
On his property
Leg went first, screaming she went, now
Dead gramma is dog food.
* * * *
My, oh, my
'Elp
Look what 'as 'appened to this 'ere bird
Very good
Awfully nice of you
Look at the victim
Easy with the corpse
We can carry 'er on 'ome now
Into the 'earse
Slowly to the grave.
* * * *
Terri's at
Rob's
Unique little cozy hot pad taking
Dance steps
Yelling for more of that great music
Rob on the other hand is thinking
How great it
Coop
Darn not suppose to say that out loud
Even though he wants it bad enough

The
Super
Hot
And crumpled body lay melted in the
Wet, damp
Night-dark alley in the New York
Wooded area.
Oh, what a mess, they forgot the
Oval name tag!
Kids! Won't be
Seen!

* * * *

Ode to a Stoned Man

Joints are good
Oh!
Love is tremendously wonderful.
Eat now-
Never get stoned while eating eggs
Except in winter
Ku Klux Klan man
Looking for a black sandman
Ultra-sonic laser beam
Exit

Joints are great!
Ow!
Like a sniff of heavenly cocaine,
Egg whites-
Not yolks - will certainly harm your nose.
Except in summer
Kings and their queens,
Looking for Mr.Goodbar.
Uranium rocks don't burn
Enter

She has gone
Up
Everytime she does this to me
And I
Not Knowing what to do, go with
Now nothing is right
Zebra's are running in the field
In
Nothin clean
Kicks my nose off

* * * *

Look at the clock
Oh
Read the clock it is now four o'clock.
It's time.
And Now
Nicolas Nameless
Names himself and you, too.
What's your name
Easy
Steve

* * * *

Strawberries
Ummmmmmmm
Exquisitly delicious, umm.
Sweet, sweet
Tasty, succulent, umm um good!
Always refreshing.
Exceptionally
Tempting everyone, big and small.

ALTERNATE REALITY

"Partridge to Turtledove. Come in, Turtledove."

"This is Turtledove. Go ahead, Partridge. Over."

"You're not gonna believe this, but I've got a bogey on my scopes of dynamic proportions. Over."

"The only thing I've got on mine is you, Partridge. Over."

"I've just made visual contact. Good Lord, it's as big as Homeworld. Over."

"I still don't have anything on my scopes but you. Over."

"In the name of the Dycrol Federation of Planets, we wish you no harm. Please, make avoid contact if possible."

"Who are you talking to? Over."

"Holy crud, they're firing at me."

"I'm coming, Partridge. Over."

"Never mind, I've got 'im in my sights, and he ain't gettin' out. Over."

"No, don't. He might be dangerous. Over."

"Turtledove, (sizzle) I'm hit. One last pass and one or both of us is (crackle) . . . ing up in smoke. (bzzzzt) Over."

"No, Partridge, don't. Flynn, Flynn. Come in, Partridge, come in. Over."

BAROOOOM!!!!

"Oh, God. Flynn."

And so Turtledove heads home to report the loss of a great interstellar pilot and of her loving husband.

Meanwhile, a zillion light years away on a speck of cosmic dust called Earth, the explosion is sighted and heralds the birth of a Savior.

We misnamed this explosion the "Christmas Star."

Better or worse? This is the question in this "Alternate Reality."

Scott Reynolds

A Christmas Parody

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house
Not a bug was stirring, not even a bed louse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney to dry
So they would be ready for St. Nick to arrive.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds
As visions of brand new guns danced in their heads.
And Mamma had just shot herself dead
And blew her brains right out of her head.
When out on the lawn came a terrible crash
I sprang from my bed to see them smash.
I jumped into the window I hit with a flash
I broke off the shutters and cracked my head on the sash.
The moon on the breast of the newly smashed cars
Gave a lustrous view which could be seen by far.
When what to my wondering eyes should appear
But a smashed sleigh and eight dead reindeer.
The little old driver so lively and quick
He got up and shook himself off, it was St. Nick.
Like a squirrel he climbed up the house
And whistled and shouted and gave them a jouse
Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer, and Vixen
On Comet, on Cupid, on Donner, and Blitzen.
To the top of the porch, to the top I mean now
Up, dead reindeer or get a hard pow.
They arose from the dead and flew up to old St. Nick
They flew up to the house and got a good hard kick.
So up to the house top their courses they flew
With a sleigh full of toys and some shiny guns too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The fighting and gnawing of each little deer.
As I drew in my head, worrying with some fear
Down the chimney St. Nick came with a boom and cheer.
He was dressed all in purple fur from his head on down
And his face was all tarnished with a big ugly frown.
A bundle of guns he had flung on his back
And he looked like a gunman opening his pack.
His eyes were bare ugly black, his hair just the same
His cheeks were all scaly, his nose like in pain.
His feet were so big he tripped over them
The beard on his chin was dirty, it was washed last when?
He had some chew , and he gave a little spit
And the brown gooey stuff had a little ugly grit.
He had a very ugly face and a nice new shiny gun
That he spun on his finger and had some fun.
He was big and fat not a good old elf
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A shot from his gun, a bullet went in my head
Soon gave me to know I had something to dread.
He gave a small hiss but went on with his work
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a smerk.
Pointing the gun at me giving a loud shot
In a nod he rose up, he was really on pot.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
Off he drove right into the way of a big jet
And he yelled back, "All of my deer need a good Vet."

Bob McBride

SICK BASIC SKILLS

Basic skills is really dumb
The people who write must be bums
We really don't need it
Some people don't read it
So why take these tests
They're just some pests.
It really makes me sick
To have to pick
All these answers
I'd rather be eaten by some panthers.

DRIVING

Hitting everything in sight
Gives my dad a real fright
I turned the wheels too much
And smashed the car a bunch
I drove into the drive way
I went all the way
Through the garage door
And a lot more
Now I stay away from the car
And I really mean far.

Bob McBride

EULOGY FOR A STAR

February 23

It is now the year 3256 A.D.. Man has made formidable technological advancements in space. We have colonized around 320,000 systems.

I, personally, think it's too much, too fast. By the way, my name is Isaac Farley, governor of Quarx-12, a planet in the K'Lee (KUALEE) System. Quarx-12 is what you might call the Alcatraz of Outer Space. None of the prisoners have ever left this planet alive. There is no major penitentiary, we let them run anywhere they want. I mean, there is no way that they can leave the planet.

I am writing this for two reasons actually. The first being that our atmosphere is rapidly deteriorating and that has caused many natural disasters including earthquakes, typhoons, tornadoes, etc.. Second, our sun is about to nova, it has already passed the quasar and pulsar stages.

I do not claim to be clairvoyant or psychic. But lately I have been having strange dreams, I think they're called premonitions. They have been mainly about when K'Lee explodes. All the latest reports from Dr. Ilsudor, the head scientist, say that it will nova on March 8th, 13 days from now. My dreams say it will happen in 5 days, March 1st. I don't know which to believe. But I figure I'll be a lot happier if Dr. Ilsudor is right.

February 28 - 5:00 P.M.

Dr. Ilsudor has redone most of his studies and it turns out that I was right. K'Lee goes tomorrow noon. I have been preparing my ship to get out of this system tonight taking all of the guards, scientists, cooks, and everybody but the prisoners, (I received orders from the President of the 32nd Quadrant, not to take any prisoners along because they "weren't worth keeping").

February 28 - 12:00 P.M.

We just left the planet, we hope to be out of the system by 1:00 this morning. Dr. Ilsudor was wrong again. The nova wasn't going to happen at noon, but sometime before 6:00 A.M..

March 1 - 12:30 A.M.

The nova has taken the first eight planets and is closing in on #9. The ship is only to Quarx 14 and...Oh,God. The star. It's coming.

They were wrong again!!!

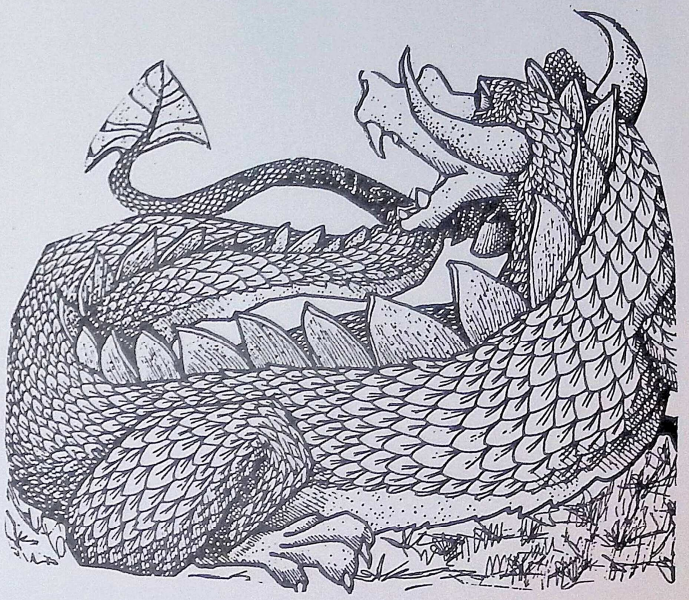
Scott Reynolds

THE ELVES OF AGES PAST

Long ago the Silvin Elves walked carefree
Sing the shore,
Travelling the world abroad, letting humans be,
And gathering in their woodland homes,
Great knowledge, beauty, wealth, and lore.
As they have from ages past,
The Elves wait.
For they know the time will come to pass
The decline of mortals will have done,
And the Elves' time be here at last,
Their kingdom shall spread from whence it had come.
This they know,
From Elves of Ages Past.

Shawn Woods

THE LAST DRAGON

The eldest one lay in his cave,
Where Dragon Run once was,
In the distance, the sound of a car.
It was the ending of yet another day,
Into this life he had traveled so far...so far.
Days were now as grains of sand in an hour glass,
He'd out lived all other dragons,
But he knew his life wouldn't last.
He longed for the days when there still
was sweet grass,
And when unicorns would prance carefree
on a far distant shore...
But those days are no more...no more.

Shawn Woods